A NEW SONG,

To the Tune of--DERRY DOWN.

The Parentage and Education, Life, Character, and Behaviour of one 'Squire Roſe, appointed to do Billy's dirty Work in Hampſhire.

WHEN firſt I left Scotland with kelt and with plaid,
Sent out with a pack, by the pedlar my dad,
I ſoon ſav'd up money to cover my breech,
By ſelling a family receipt for the itch.

To a quack then at Hampſtead I ſold my receipt,
Bv which I gain'd ſtockings and ſhoes to my feet;
He ſaw, by my legs, I was ſtrong as a porter,
And dubb'd me a knight of the peſtle and mortar.

From morn then till night at pounding I drudg'd;
Or, elſe round the country with purging pills trudg'd;
But tho' I'd the pains, he'd the profits receive;
Then, yet a raw Scotſman, I took a French leave.

In his Majeſty's ſervice I gain'd an employ;
Not important indeed, for 'twas but purſer's boy;
Who, knowing my talents, did graciouſly pleaſe
To make me his deputy cheater in cheeſe.

I cring'd to, and flattered this water-cheeſemonger,
Impell'd by my natural meanneſs and hunger,
'Till, finding me ſuch an obſequious ſhark,
He cring'd to the captain, who made me his clerk.

But why all my dirtineſs ſhould I rehearſe?
The captain's meek ſlave, I BOO'D after each curſe;
'Till at length ſee me ſelling my ſlops, greaſe, and pelf,
Behold me, in ſhort, made the purſer himſelf.

In crimſon lac'd waiſtcoat I then took my pleaſure,
Gave very long charges, and very ſhort meaſure,
Sold old cloaths and old quids, ſour brandy, rank butter,
And beer, ſuch as runs in a brewery gutter.

From thence, by my eminent meanneſs advanc'd,
On ev'ry great man ſtrict attendance I danc'd;
By which means, from Lord North, with an unbluſhing face,
Like an impudent beggar, I half forc'd a place.

Since then, my atchivements are very well known,
How Shelburne's keen Earl mark'd me out for his own;
By whom, on boy Pitt, I was plac'd as a ſpy;
But, Shelburne's power rooted, converted was I,

How then to a character can I pretend?
To every party, by turns, I've been friend;
Rais'd by North! I forſook him, old Lanſdown betray'd;
But now to this kingdom head exciſeman I'm made.

'Tis chance now has made me a Hampſhire Freeholder—
A ſcheme I have formed, than what can be bolder?
Independence to cruſh, Birth and worth to diſpute,
And Lord o'er the County chuſe Heathcote and Chute.

As Heathcote and Chute are boys OF MY OWN,
Fit men to ſupport their County, the Crown;
As baſe as myſelf—all birds of a feather—
I'll bring in an act to chuſe us together.